

poem on "Symlocarpus."

 Symlo carpus

Mid alder bushes by the stream
I stroll of coming Spring to dream,
While yet the drifts of winter snow
Seem loth from shaded spot to go.
And even the sun can scarce induce
The frost by day to grant a truce,
The alder catkins safe enfold
As yet their pollen from the cold,
Nor any flower has dared to bring
The promise of returning Spring

Nay! say not so, but pause and look,
Those islands in the sluggish brook
Have each a little coronet,
With garnet and with emerald set,
Within those hoods of royal hue
There lie concealed from careless view
In each a globe of flower, the first
From winter's loosening chains to burst.

Thrice welcome earliest flower of Spring,
Thy praise, but not thy name I'll sing,
Ungrateful men have christened thee
With names unkind, uneasy,
Because, when they with random tread
Their crushing heel set on thy head,
Thou dost resent so foul a wrong
They give thee names unfit for song.
Vain is their spite while thine my verse
Thy praise and merit shall rehearse,
And oft as woodland memories bring
The pleasant thoughts of early Spring,
Welcome among them all to me
Thy face without a name shall be.

Thomas Hill

Written 1877.

Copied by Miss Belle A. Watson -

This poem was sent to Mrs. Gray by Miss Kate
Furbish who says "I also send you Pres. T. Hill's